Ornamental

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Ornamental

by Wrenlet

Summary

Nothing Tristan does is ever simple.

Notes

For **kink_bingo**, "sex toys (worn under clothing)" square. Post-series, follows after Touch of Leather and That's the Ticket.

Thanks to **tsuki_no_bara** for pom-pom shaking :D

Dean suspects it's weird that he can't stop blushing. Luckily none of Tristan's co-workers have said anything, maybe thinking he's just shy. Or maybe it doesn't show, even though Dean feels like his face heats up every time Tristan catches his eye.

Tristan.

He's across the room talking to a man in a tailored suit who Dean thinks he was introduced to maybe half an hour ago, vice president of something-or-other.

"Won't they think it's strange?" Dean had asked him. "You taking some random guy to your office party?"

"It's just a charity thing," Tristan answered. "People bring people, say you're a fan of the museum or whatever."

Which wasn't a lie, Dean had lit right up when Tristan told him the mixer would actually be held in the brand-new exhibit the night before it opened. Something about company sponsorships or the like, Dean doesn't give a damn about the details when it means wandering through reconstructed Roman villas. He doesn't care if Tristan called him a dork, which he had, Dean fucking loves Pompeii.

Dean looks again, like he's compelled to know where Tristan is and what he's doing every moment, and sees the man has moved off into the crowd and left Tristan standing next to a display of ornamented pottery. Tristan rests his hand on the railing behind him and shifts his weight, a subtle slide from one hip to the other.

Dean flushes.

Tristan grins, and turns away.

"If these things bore you so much, why do you want to go?" Dean had asked.

"Face time. I show up at the events, mingle a little, makes me look like a team player." Tristan had given Dean's tie a tweak, and tilted his head to check the effect. "Bringing you makes me look like I have friends outside the office."

Dean had opened his mouth to answer and then closed it again, frowning. What did it matter to him if Tristan didn't think they were friends? What in the hell were they, anyway? "Aren't you going to get

ready?"

"I need your help first."

Dean makes small talk and wanders through the exhibits and generally tries to lose track of where Tristan is in the crowd. He does this so well, in fact, that the puff of warm air against the side of his neck actually makes him jump.

"Not cool. I thought you said-"

"No one's looking." Tristan does back off, though, just enough for appearance's sake but close enough that Dean can still hear his low-pitched voice. "You know what else Pompeii is known for, other than Roman vacation homes and rotten luck?"

Dean knows, but part of him must want to hear Tristan say it.

"Pornography."

"They wouldn't have called it that," Dean says.

"No, but plenty of other people did."

Tristan is facing away from him, eyeing the other party guests while Dean looks up at a carefully replicated mosaic and pretends he doesn't know where this conversation is going.

"The ones who first dug up the city, they censored the frescoes," Tristan continues. "Reburied or plastered them over. Took artifacts away and locked them in a little room where they couldn't offend anybody."

Dean can't look at him; if he does, he'll blush again. But he watches sidelong as Tristan flags a waiter and claims a glass of wine from his tray, waiting. This is Tristan's game and if there's one thing Dean is certain of, it's that he doesn't know all the rules yet.

Tristan takes a drink and lets the waiter move off into the crowd before he speaks again. "I bet some of them were sex toys."

There it is. Because this isn't about Pompeii, not really; it's about the plug in Tristan's ass.

The plug he had Dean slide into him before he got dressed for the party.

Tristan's game, Tristan's rules, and Dean wishes he had a drink himself but it's probably best that he doesn't. "How does it feel?"

Tristan stills, and maybe Dean is talking out of turn but he presses anyway.

"I can tell even when you're not showing off, you walk a little different. I just want to know what it feels like, inside of you."

Dean sneaks another sidelong glance, and if he hadn't he might've missed Tristan's quiet answer.

"I like it."

Tristan sounds surprised, and for a moment Dean is honestly confused as to whether Tristan didn't expect to enjoy this or just didn't mean to admit it. Definitely the second, he decides; their eyes meet briefly and slip away again, and Dean remembers the look on Tristan's face when Dean held the flared base of the plug against his body and asked whether it would stay.

Tristan hadn't answered at first, but then his expression had closed up and he'd snapped, "Yes. Now move," and pushed past Dean into the other room.

It's a thing. That they should talk about. As soon as Dean figures out how, because really, where does that conversation start? 'I think sometimes you want me to act like an asshole and then you're disappointed when I don't.' Yeah, that'll go well.

"How much longer does this thing last?"

Tristan taps a finger on the side of his wineglass. "I should make one more circuit. Fifteen minutes, meet me at the east door." He pushes off the rail and shoots Dean a look over his shoulder as he moves away. "Or I'll leave without you."

Dean he doesn't think he means that, but he checks his watch anyway. Fifteen minutes and he's only seen about half the exhibit so far; fifteen minutes until he can get out of here, with Tristan, and he could be wrong on this point but he's pretty damn certain sex is on the agenda.

He can't possibly concentrate on Pompeii.

Tristan, for his part, has stopped with the coy looks and is working the room with a will. Dean tries not to watch him too closely, but it's

hard. So to speak. Tristan seems in his element in a way Dean hasn't seen him before, gliding in and out of conversations with directors and vice presidents, all firm handshakes and confident smiles. Dean is always aware of the vast gulf between his background and Tristan's prep-school upbringing, but he has never felt that difference as starkly as he does right now.

Fifteen minutes by the discreet checking of his watch and Dean is waiting just past the double doors on the east end of the exhibit hall, half-expecting Tristan to have changed his mind when instead Tristan pushes through the left-hand door, letting it swing shut behind himself with a whoosh and a subdued click. He stops when he sees Dean, takes a breath and twitches his shoulders like he's shrugging something off of them.

"You sure you're ready to leave?" Dean asks. "You're kinda good at that."

"I know." There's a weariness in his tone and Dean feels like another puzzle piece has slotted into place, filling in part of a picture he's only seen the dim outlines of. Tristan crosses the hallway towards him and the feeling fades, this is a side of him Dean is very familiar with. "But you're ready to go. Aren't you?"

Dean's ready for something, that's for damned sure, and at this distance -- Tristan has pushed up into Dean's personal space like it's his right to be there, and Dean would object except that he can't imagine wanting Tristan to back off -- he can see that Tristan is, too. There's a flush rising from under the collar of his perfectly pressed shirt, tiny beads of sweat along his hairline, and his breath is quick and shallow.

If Tristan set up the evening in order to torment Dean, Dean thinks he got more than he bargained for. Maybe they both did.

Dean half-expects Tristan to object when he kisses him -- they are still in the hallway, and the cocktail party full of Tristan's coworkers is still going on just inside the doors -- but instead Tristan presses against him and kisses back. It's hurried and messy and Tristan bites when he's this horny but Dean doesn't have it in him to care. Tristan pulls whatever his hands land on, twisting Dean's jacket, yanking at his hair. When Dean palms his ass, Tristan makes a broken, needy sound and goes boneless against him and Dean wonders what Tristan's feeling right now, how the plug must be shifting inside him and what it's going to feel like-

Tristan breaks off and swears, "You are not fucking me in the coat room."

For one crazy moment Dean almost offers to do him on the floor, but he thinks better of it; in any case, Tristan is already tugging Dean towards the parking lot *by his tie* and that should be more annoying than hot but, well. Dean does slap Tristan's hand away as a security guard rounds the corner in front of them, and he thinks they make a passable impression of two guys casually shirking an office party but he might be wrong on that point.

Tristan, for instance, still looks like just got kissed within an inch of his life and Dean would really like to get back to that, sooner rather than later. He’s so distracted, in fact, that he doesn't realize until they're in his car (no sex in the car, dammit) and buckled in that he isn't sure where to go.

"Back to mine," Tristan says.

He can't actually be reading Dean's mind, but it's understandable that they'd be on the same track.

"You sure?" Dean's only been to Tristan's apartment once, and that was to pick him up tonight. Among other things.

Tristan shoots him a look that would melt glaciers. "It's closer."

Right. Dean swallows and starts the car, and tries to concentrate on things like driving instead of the way Tristan keeps fidgeting in the passenger seat.

They'll have that conversation, one of these days. Just not tonight.

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